

# Motion

Loe Shimmy

(AdeOnTheTrackYaDig!)

(Yo, yo, this beat actually really hard)

I don't know what these niggas rappin' 'bout, but it ain't motion  
The only time I call this bitch phone to get her face open  
When we peep he sleepin' on the beef, that's when we lay on him  
You a runner's runner, come around, you might get a promotion  
Hoes screenshottin', so I hit 'em on my dog's Insta'  
Why you actin' bougie? Bitch, you workin' at a call center  
Throwin' out assists, you my nigga, I'ma ball with you  
You ain't from the hood if you ain't never knuckle up on Central

Yeah, I love my glizzy, I don't fuck with Dracs like Pusha T  
Yeah, I'm homeless if they say my favorite eater for the streets  
Shit cutthroat for real, ain't no friends in these streets  
Man, this money'll have a nigga whack his daddy like Tariq  
Cook a slip up and fuck around and have the bank twerkin'  
He ain't plugged in with the sauce, got him one that ain't workin'  
If you bring me three custos, that's 'bout six verses  
Yeah, your pussy MK, you ain't gettin' no Birkin

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The only time I call this bitch phone to get her face open  
When we peep he sleepin' on the beef, that's when we lay on him  
You a runner's runner, come around, you might get a promotion (Alright)  
Hoes screenshottin', so I hit 'em on my dog's Insta'  
Why you actin' bougie? Bitch, you workin' at a call center (Ayy, Stunna, what it do, man?)  
Throwin' out assists, you my nigga, I'ma ball with you (Nigga)  
You ain't from the hood if you ain't never knuckle up on Central (Nigga, nigga, uh)

How the fuck you say you a trap nigga? You ain't flip a 'bow (How the fuck?)  
You ain't really havin' motion, nigga, you can't get it gone (You ain't havin' no motion)  
I can really do a dime a day, that's on any phone (That's on any phone, nigga)  
All these niggas do is cap, what they really on? (What they on?)  
Yeah, I don't know what these niggas be 'bout (Uh-uh)  
Where I'm from, nigga, all we fuckin' do is beat pots (Uh, uh, uh, uh)  
Pull up in a foreign, I remember I used to key lock (Skrtrt, skrtrt)  
Got a nigga bitch at the spot, finna beat her down (Uh-uh)

I don't know what these niggas rappin' 'bout, but it ain't motion (Nigga, ayy, nigga, uh)  
The only time I call this bitch phone to get her face open  
When we peep he sleepin' on the beef, that's when we lay on him  
You a runner's runner, come around, you might get a promotion  
Hoes screenshottin', so I hit 'em on my dog's Insta'  
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You ain't from the hood if you ain't never knuckle up on Central

Yeah, nigga broke as fuck, can't show a rack, want me to throw a pack? (On God)  
I'ma fuck her mouth and give her back because she know I'm that (Give her back)

I'ma cash him out and dub his ass, go 'head, collect that hat (On God)  
Cum, let's run it back, ran out of Percs, I drink a honey pack (Honey pack, bitch)  
Niggas talkin' 'bout motion, hundred P's a week, just check the stats  
I'm off Wocky floatin', throw it back, I keep on runnin' laps (I throw it back)  
I keep smackin' outfits on my IG, tryna keep up tabs  
Uh, I keep on poppin' Perky 10s and 20s 'til I'm faded (I'm gone)  
Ain't tryna fuck, bitch, count this money, trap out 'til they raid it (Trap this money, bitch)  
I can tell the plug, "Throw me a hundred," bitch, my fence so gated (I can)  
This shit on my wrist cost me a twenty, niggas rockin' plated (Blaow), pussy  
Uh, I got highs and lows, just check my drip, Givenchy head to toe (On God)  
Lil' bitch say she love it how I flow, got buttons on my pole (Ffft)  
Blowin' up, can't post up in the trap, I'd rather flood the dough (I can't)  
Damn, the streets done turned my heart so cold, I'm tryna take a soul (Yeah)

Yeah